

Wichita Daily Eagle

Pennyroyal Pills

Cholera, Typhoid, Malaria, Fever, Headache, Stomachache, Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder, Hemorrhoids, Piles, Ulcers, Burns, Scalds, Frostbite, Erysipelas, Eczema, Itch, Scabies, Ringworm, Tinea, Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Venereal Disease, Skin Diseases, etc.

Prepared by J. C. Pennyroyal, New York, N. Y.

SLAVE TRADE IN MOROCCO.

Thousands of Slaves and Girls Sold at Every Fair to Twenty Dollars Each.

The gentleman who furnishes the following information is an old traveler to Morocco and is known as one of the best informed authorities on the internal policy of that barbarous country:

"I must now tell you of the caravan which arrived at Tadmout from Timbuctoo at the end of March last. It brought scarcely any merchandise, but there were four thousand slaves, principally young girls and boys. So great was the influx of slaves at Marrakech (Morocco City) that instead of holding the market twice a week, as is usual, it was held daily from April 25 to May 14, and the prices were comparatively low, ranging from ten pence to fourteen pence a head. During the feast of Ramadan the Kaid, who came to Marrakech in order to present gifts to the sultan's son, who is the khalfa of his father, agreed that the most acceptable present would be some of these young slaves from Timbuctoo. There were forty-three Kaid, and each of them gave this present, namely only eighteen years of age, three slave girls and two slave boys—over two hundred slaves in all! As the khalfa had a bad reputation for cruelty and other vices, it is not pleasant to think of the fate of these young captives. It is said that more than eight hundred slaves were sold at this market in ten days to merchants who had come from Tunis and other distant places to obtain a supply of human chattels and besides this many were sold privately. I was myself the witness of a sad scene in this market, where three little negroes, from eight to ten years old, who had evidently come from a very distant part, as no one there could speak their language, were ruthlessly parted from each other and sold to different owners amid tears, grief and such resistance as the poor little creatures could employ. Each had to go off alone among strange people, not one of whom understood a word she said. I could give you many particulars which would shock you respecting the purchase of male and female slaves simply for the purpose of increasing the stock.

This is found to be very profitable, as the offspring of this connection are carefully reared and fetch very high prices as presents to men in authority. As you are aware, there are no banks in Morocco. Everyone who has money that he wishes to take care of buries it in the ground. It is necessary that no one should know where this treasure lies hidden. Therefore, incredible as it may seem, old and worn out slaves, male and female, are sold to be employed to dig large holes to hide the wealth of their master, and the unfortunate Negro may since be said to dig his own grave, as he never sees the light of another sun. A cup of coffee, tea or some native drink contains the deadly poison so often administered in Morocco, where, it must be remembered, coroners' inquests are unknown."

—London Times.

AN ANCIENT SCENE

As a Fashionable Dinner Given in the Year of the Roman 729.

Upon the three wooden couches which formed three sides of a square in the center of a room there reclined nine Romans—for the giver of the feast had borne in mind the saying of Varro that those invited should never be more in number than the Muses nor less than the Graces.

The guests wore wreaths of roses upon their oiled locks, most of them although one, whose white tunic bore the single dark stripe of a senator had preferred the crown of ivy leaves. The couches whereon they reclined were of wood thickly incrustated with ivory, and made easier by many cushions covered with light silks. The guests leaned on their left elbows, and ate with their right hands only. At the end of the course silent servants brought water in silver bowls and proffered linen napkins that the fingers might be washed, while another attendant wiped the low wooden table with a thick cloth.

In the open space before the table and the couches other slaves were casting down saffron-dyed sand, that it might absorb the blood which lay in little pools upon the pale pavement. There the gladiators had been fighting but a moment before; and having given strong proofs of their skill and of their courage, they had been dismissed, and were now behind the house, out of sight, one trying to staunch his wounds, the other still in death and carried by his comrades.—Branter Matthews, in Harper's Magazine.

Horrible Vengeance.

The peasants of the Russian village of Jagodnitsa, in Lithuania, wreaked their vengeance on a suspected heretic recently by setting fire to his dwelling during the night while he, his wife, mother and family of five children were within, and burning the whole family to death.

The peasants stood around the hut, and when the flames rushed out they were thrust back into the burning house with pitchforks and scythes. One of the women was murdered outright in the attempt to force her back into the flames. The peasants gave themselves up to the Russian police, and will most probably be imprisoned for a year and then exiled to another part of the country.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY.

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1890.—My wife used MOTHERS' FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not do without it for hundreds of dollars.

DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.

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MADE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. ATLANTA, GA.

MAKING THE SUNSHINE GROW.

"Mother, what makes the sunshine grow?"

"My darling, the heavenly glow."

"Can you tell me the heavenly glow?"

"Can you tell me the heavenly glow?"

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VANDERSON'S VOTE.

A Boy's Experience as a Country Politician.

It had been a hot political campaign.

All over the state brass bands were playing, cannon were firing, illuminations were glowing and four hundred and twenty-seven stump speakers were delivering every night four hundred and twenty-seven addresses.

The harangues were at once "ringing, electrifying masterpieces of eloquence," to quote the reporters who agreed with their sentiment—and "tissues of driveling mendacity," to quote the reporters who did not agree. The four hundred and twenty-seven mass meetings were each "a grand outpouring of an aroused people," or "a small, spiritless gathering of disheartened demagogues"—quoting as before.

In almost every town rural companies of "Jones Guards," "Smith Rangers" and "Thompson Continentals," arrayed in uniforms that did not fit, and carrying torches that dripped with oil, scurried through dust, splashed through mud, and bespattered themselves with kerosene.

They raised serenaded candidates and escorted all sorts of distinguished statesmen from nowhere in particular to everywhere in general, and back again.

Then the newspapers! How they "nailed lies," "exposed conspiracies," "tore off masks" and "held up to public execration," proving "irrefragably" that their own side had, and would have, all the virtue and victory, and the other all the vice and vanquishment.

Our village of New Nicopolis had every requisite for a lively campaign—two halls, two newspapers, two bands and two aspirants for every office. Moreover the town was so evenly divided politically that no candidate could reasonably expect a majority of more than three or four votes.

As the struggle drew near its end, men became so excited and enthusiastic that the business was almost at a standstill. No one thought or dreamed of anything but politics. The men spent more time at the taverns than in their shops, and hammered harder on grocery counters than they did on their anvils. The women were divided into two classes—those who quarreled every time they met, and those who wouldn't speak to each other at all.

Of course we boys imitated our elders. We attended every meeting, marched in every procession, and got up meetings and processions of our own in our patriotic ardor. We engaged in ceaseless discussions which were none the less hot and intolerant, because, as a general thing, neither of the disputants had the slightest idea of what he was talking about.

Going out on the streets alone was like taking a little promenade on Houslow Heath in the old days of highwaymen; and on the evenings of opposition mass meetings, when the town from the post office was often in imitation of the British retreat from Concord.

New election day was here. We were assured that victory was in the air, and about to perch upon our banner. Victory seemed to be regarded as a bird of some kind, but whether it would turn out an eagle or a crow—eagle for the winners, crow for the losers—no one could tell.

If my participation in the campaign had hindered me from merely sympathizing, I was happy in knowing that you, like old age, had on this day its honor and its toil. Though I could not vote myself, I could bring indifferent or disaffected citizens to the polls with my own pet and buggy.

The first ballot put into the box at Town Hall was thrown by old Jemmy Grant, the lame cobbler, whom I had dragged out of his stall at seven o'clock in the morning, that he might do his whole duty as a free American.

"I was in the buggy when I got to town at first," Fred was active for the hostile camp, and if his slow-paced family horse could not make as many trips as my Knox three-year-old, yet he brought three times as much freight when he did come, being provided with a two-seated beach wagon, while my buggy had room for but one passenger.

Fred was a boy of the most irritating audacity and enterprise, and he possessed, moreover, the advantage of knowing nearly every voter by sight and each local political opinion by heart. Consequently he lost no time in asking for information where to go or what to bring, while I required a great deal of direction and advice.

All day long the contest went on, until, late in the afternoon, there was scarcely a man in the whole town of New Nicopolis who had not voted; but as ballots became fewer the anxiety increased, for the check books showed almost an equality between the parties.

Even my father began to grow nervous, and the politicians rushed about like lunatics. One of them suddenly ran up to me.

"Here, Charley," exclaimed he, "drive out on the north road as fast as you can go, and bring in Vanderson—at the red house next beyond the bridge."

I whirled my horse around without waiting for more. The rest of what ever the politician had to say was lost in the rattling of the wheels as I dashed down the road at twice the miles an hour, but the only bad gone too far and too fast that day to keep up such a pace, and I soon reluctantly allowed him to take an easy jog trot.

Fred Crandall suddenly dashed by with a fresh steed, which I recognized as Dr. Parker's new roadster. Things must be at a desperate pass indeed if the doctor was willing to commit his best horse to such a hard-driving Jehu as Fred!

Fretting was of no use, though, and I watched him disappear over the next hill with more or less resignation.

It was a long road to Vanderson's, and I had still half a mile to go when Fred appeared as suddenly as before around a turn just ahead. He had no one with him, and his countenance indicated the greatest disappointment.

He pulled up as we met, and called out:

"Where are you going, Charley?"

"I'm simply smiling, having no intention of betraying my plans."

"Well, don't tell if you don't want to," continued he, "but I know, you're going to Vanderson's."

"What then?" I inquired.

"Nothing, only your man isn't at home. You might as well save yourself the trouble of going any farther."

Now this struck me as suspicious. I did not precisely think Fred was tell-

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Prepared by J. C. Pennyroyal, New York, N. Y.

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